

Male Bonding

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Male-Bonding By: Sonja the Saiya-jin

(This story was written by Me, Myself, and I. It cannot be used without permission from Me, Myself, or I. It doesn't take place at a particular time in the Gundam Wing series, just sometime after events mentioned in the story. It is my first fan-fiction ever. I hope it's ok.)

Quatre Winner brushed his blonde hair from his face and looked around with bright blue eyes. He knew he would find Heero Yui here looking for work as a mercenary. But the gentle boy was unfamiliar with the roughness of a bar. He tried to avoid the cold eyes of big drunk men as he made his way to the far table where Heero sat. Heero was tossing back a shot of vodka when Quatre approached.

"Mind if I sit here?" Quatre asked.

"I don't own the place," Heero answered, not looking up. Quatre sat across from Heero and watched him toss back another shot.

"How did you manage to get alcohol when you're under-age?"

Heero said nothing, but lay his pistol on the table.

"Oooh," Quatre murmured. Then he said, "Well, I came to ask you something... Why are you becoming a mercenary?"

"OZ is dormant right now," Heero said, looking thoughtfully at his

empty shot-glass, "Fighting is the only way of life I know. May as well make use of it." As he said this he filled the shot-glass again. He looked at it consideringly.

"Heero, don't get drunk," Quatre cautioned him, "It's not good for you in more ways than one."

Heero slid the shot-glass back and forth on the smooth, polished table-top, between his hands, so precisely that not a drop of the disturbed liquid spilled. "My health is of little concern to me," he said, "as long as I can still fight."

"A drunk fighter won't do well," Quatre said pointedly, "Besides, innocent people get hurt from drunks."

"Innocent people have gotten KILLED at my sober hands," Heero murmured. Quatre's usually peaceful eyes narrowed, and as Heero raised the shot-glass to his lips, Quatre struck it from his hand. The vodka spilled outward in a long swath, Heero grabbed his gun, the shot-glass hit the floor but did not break. By then the pistol was in Quatre's face.

The bar quieted. Heero was on his feet, and Quatre was still leaning across the table, arm still extended, the gun inches from his face. Nothing moved.

Quatre did not so much as glance at the cold steel barrel ready to explode into his head. His narrowed eyes were locked on Heero's own, cold eyes. Heero found himself locked in Quatre's gaze, unable to look away from the myriad of emotion swirling in the twin pools half-hidden by locks of blonde hair. Even when the bar stirred to life again, the two Gundam pilots remained suspended in their psychological deadlock.

Finally, Quatre's bitter, trembling voice broke the silence. "Do you think you're the only one with regrets?" he said quietly. His extended hand closed in a tight, shaking fist. He rose, and Heero's gun followed his movement. Quatre's eyes still bore into Heero's, and for the first time, Heero felt uncomfortable in another's accusing gaze. He could pull the trigger and end that... but that would be cowardice.

"Well... DO YOU?!?" Quatre demanded, his eyes sparking more angrily than they ever did when he battled, yet brimming with tears, "YOU killed the peacemakers in the OZ transport by accident. But LOOK at ME, Heero!" He clutched his breast. "LOOK at ME!! I was lost, Heero! Lost and alone! Everything that meant something to me, my father, my sister... all taken away from me! And in that despair I destroyed a whole colony! I killed them all!" Quatre stopped, panting, his breath quivering as the tears threatened to overflow. Heero's gun had lowered slightly, and his lips were parted a bit. His eyes seemed puzzled and surprised.

Then Quatre continued, his voice quiet but strained, "Am I drinking my life away? Am I only thinking about myself? What gives you the right?" His voice cracked as he asked the last question, and his eyes again narrowed. "Don't you DARE think YOU are the one with the right to give up your life to guilt," he growled, "Don't you dare..."

Quatre finally turned quickly, and Heero made a noise in his throat when his gaze was torn from Quatre's intense eyes. He lowered his gun and blinked several times as he watched Quatre close the bathroom door behind him.

He picked up the bottle of vodka and looked at it, the sharp odor of the strong alcohol stinging in his nostrils. He could still feel it burning, warming him on the inside as nothing else did...

Nothing else but Relina...

Strange. Whenever he thought about her, he almost felt like he wanted to go on living. Moments passed, with Heero looking at the bottle. He realized Quatre was right; drinking his miseries away was cowardice. He would have to face his problems with clear eyes.

Heero put the vodka down on the table, leaning his forehead on the cool glass bottle with a sigh. For the first time, somebody else had been right.

Quatre stood with his eyes closed, letting the cold water run from his hair and into the sink for a minute before running more over his face. Then he studied his face in the mirror as he dried it with a paper towel. His emotion was no longer obvious.

Good.

How could he forget about what he did if he showed his guilt?

He smoothed his wet bangs back out of his face and sighed, straightening up. He wanted to get back to the novel he was reading so he could get his mind off of things.

He exited the bathroom, then noticed somebody standing over Heero, who had his head down on the table. Had he gone unconscious? How many drinks had he had before Quatre had gotten there? Or had this man knocked him out? The muscular, bald man was snatching Heero's pistol from the table. Heero was definitely out of it if somebody could get that far.

"Hey, you!" He shouted, stepping in front of the man, "That's not yours!"

The man struck Quatre aside, knocking him into another large man playing poker with other large men. The behemoth turned around, eyes bloodshot from drunkenness and the unstable rage that comes with it. He bared yellow teeth and jerked to his feet heavily, the chair falling over with a loud crash.

Heero opened his eyes slowly, blinked a few times, then looked up just in time to see the man punch Quatre in the jaw, knocking him back several feet and onto a table, disrupting a game of blackjack. Needless to say, those players were not too happy either.

He found himself dizzy and his vision blurry as he stood. He muttered a curse when his hand went to the table-top and found no gun. But his eyes were still quick enough to take in the situation. The man with his pistol was rushing for the door. He would not get away.

But then he looked at Quatre, who was still disorientated, lying on the table amongst strewn money and cards, under the murderous gaze of two table-fulls of angry drunks. Not really knowing why, he instead headed for that scene, wondering if he HAD drunken too much.

Quatre had his eyes squeezed shut. His head was ringing, and he tasted blood. He felt his jaw and winced; it was swelling. Then he realized with horror that he was about to be beaten to death by at least eight men twice his size, three times his age, and infinitely stronger. He cried out in fear as a meaty fist flew at him--

Then he opened his eyes which had squeezed shut, and was amazed to see a comparatively smaller hand gripping the thick arm by the wrist. Heero had a firm hold on the man.

But another man made a move at Quatre, and Heero jerked him by the shirt-collar, off of the table as the massive fist struck, cracking the woodwork. Quatre fell into a painful position on the floor and rolled to his feet. He must have bitten his tongue because the blood taste had not gone away. His jaw was quite swollen now. He now knew what was going on. He and Heero were now targets.

Heero took a fighting stance. Normally, these men would probably be little trouble for him, but he was slightly drunk, and his reaction time would be slow. He could not do this alone. But Quatre did not know how to fight hand-to-hand. Besides, it was against his principles.

Heero seemed to sense this and glanced back at Quatre with the corner of his eye. "An effective way to deal with guilt," he said in his traditional monotone, "is to let it out in battle." Then he charged right into the angry men.

Quatre watched uncertainly as the men and boy fought. Sheer numbers made it dangerous; as Heero struck at one man, another was upon him. Then a man charged at Quatre. He wanted to run, but then thought about what Heero had said. He remembered what had happened... and visualized this man as the one at fault for his family members' deaths.

With a cry of anger, Quatre leaped at him, burying his fist in the man's sternum. Foul breath hissed from between the drunk's teeth as his wind was knocked out. He stumbled to his knees and was down. Quatre was pumped now, and he leaped straight into the fray. He was hit many times but did not care. His lust for revenge had to be sated at any cost! He was driven by a power beyond his physical capabilities. At one point he almost hit Heero, but his rage was not blind enough to complete the move. He noticed that Heero had gotten his fair share of hard knocks. Then, a man came at Heero with a beer-bottle poised to smash onto the boy's head. Quatre managed to grab the man's wrist with speed he had never known physically, then a quick kick to the drunk's groin ended his campaign of attacks. Each impact landed at Quatre's hands seemed that much more sweet and satisfying.

Finally, Quatre and Heero both stood, panting, bleeding, and bruised over the groaning drunkards who were not getting up any time soon. Quatre's hair, now wet with sweat, hung in tendrils down his face. The savage light slowly burned out in his eyes, and once again

resembled his gentle countenance. Heero took a moment to recover, then he looked toward the door. For some reason, the man who had his gun was still there. The fool!

He walked toward him slowly, his right eye swelling shut, his lip split and bleeding, his already unruly hair more ruffled than ever. His face was still calm and blank as usual, except for his ever-burning eyes.

The man aimed the gun at Heero, smirking. "Ya want this back son?" he chuckled in a low, ragged voice, "Well, I can give ya one bullet in return for it."

Heero stood eight feet from the man, arms down to his sides. Quatre did not feel like an observer anymore, and stepped up beside him, glaring at the crook.

"Are you too afraid to take us unarmed?" Quatre asked. His left eye was blackened and his nose was bleeding, among other visible injuries, "If you need money I can give you some without you stealing a gun."

"Oh, yeah," the guy hissed, "I'm a coward. But I get what I want so who gives a ****!" He aimed the gun at Quatre's head and pulled the trigger.

Heero dove down and pulled Quatre with him, and the blonde boy hit his already painful jaw cruelly on the floor as the bullet whizzed overhead, shattering a liquor cabinet. Heero was already somehow at the man's throat when Quatre got to his feet.

Heero got his gun back and aimed his gun at the man's face, backing five feet away. The man looked up into the barrel, then lost his confidence.

"Uh... hey uh... kid," he stammered, "You're not gonna be a coward too... are ya?"

"I do not need a gun to kill you," Heero said coldly, holstering it.

The man smirked and dove at Heero, but then suddenly jerked to a stop in mid-air, eyes wide, jaw gaping.

Quatre had his fist in the man's gut. The man crumpled, curling up and holding his stomach. He was not about to bother anyone anytime soon.

Quatre smiled brightly at Heero. "Thanks for helping me out Heero," he said. Despite his many bruises, he felt better. Also, Heero had saved his life at least twice now.

Heero looked back at Quatre, his emotion still unreadable, but his eyes perhaps less cold than usual. "Thank YOU, Quatre," he said quietly. He began to walk for the door.

Quatre blinked, puzzled. Heero never thanked anybody. He blinked a few times. "Heero, wait," he said, catching up with him. Heero stopped but did not look at him, standing with his hand on the doorknob.

"Let me be the designated driver," Quatre offered, "You dying in a car-crash would give us Gundam pilots a bad name."

Heero stood silently for a moment, then smirked. "Sure, why not." he said bluntly. Quatre followed him out of the bar. He looked back one more time at the chaos that had befallen at his and Heero's hands. For once, fighting had felt good.

And now, he finally felt he had a friend in Heero, and hoped that Heero now knew the meaning of friendship as well.

The End.

End
file.